

in

# FOCUS

a Danganronpa  
Movie Zine





# IN FOCUS: A DANGANRONPA MOVIE ZINE

By  
VARIOUS ARTISTS  
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# MEAN GIRLS

"On wednesdays we wear pink"



Directed By Tatsuya Marutani

15 students, all of them the best at what they do, are forced to live together in a private school, trapped by the sadistic mastermind. The only way out is to kill someone and get away with it. If someone is killed, they all have to work together to deduce the correct culprit.

Written By Kazutaka Kodaka

Starring Enoshima Junko, Ikusaba Mukuru, Fukawa Toko, Maizono Sayaka

**PG-13** PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED  
Some material may be inappropriate for children under 13

Comedy, Drama

1H 37M  
01 Jan 2024





KIRIGIRI KYOKO TOGAMI BYAKUYA NAEGI MAKOTO  
ENOSHIMA JUNKO AND MAIZONO SAYAKA



A DANGANRONPA PARODY

DRAWN BY NYDRAWSTHINGS

# DESPAIR

PERFECT  
BLUE





# HOW TO HOLD A SUCCESSFUL FAMILY VACATION: A GUIDE BY KIYOTAKA ISHIMARU

By  
Soda

inspired by *National Lampoons Vacation*

## JULY 9TH 2011

Greetings, one and all! I am Kiyotaka Ishimaru. I am a man who believes in bold simplicity and having a wonderful time working together with my family!

Each year I go out of my way to put together a fabulous summer vacation for my family members, and I intend to make this summer no different! This time around, we plan to travel through Japan to visit one of the greatest theme parks in all the country- Nagasaki Theme Park! But after the success of my last trip, I had to wrack my brain into how I could one-up myself. Hence I decided to write a travel journal to ensure this holiday lives on in our family's minds until the end of time!

Despite my enthusiasm, my dear Mondo had a few questions regarding this idea. Most importantly, as he put it, "*How the fuck are you gonna juggle writin' in this dumbass book alongside drivin' through Japan? Wouldn't it be easier to just fly somewhere else if we have all this dough?*" But what's the fun of taking a plane? Taking the long trek through Japan is half the fun of this vacation, even if it means we have to take our... interesting-looking station wagon. We had an incident a couple of weeks ago with a car trade-in that sadly ended in our station wagon getting towed. And as for juggling that and keeping this travel diary, I believe this will be no trouble for someone with my dedication! If there's trouble, I'm sure I'll be able to find a solution!

We set off tomorrow. I will update you all on our progress then!

## JULY 10TH 2011

The beginning of our vacation is upon us! The wagon is packed, everyone is

in the wagon, and our maps... darn it.



Well, it's the evening. I got quite the chastising from Mondo, but thankfully we drove past newsagents to pick up another map this morning. Other than that and a few arguments between Fuyuhiko and Gundham... today has been a success! We've pulled into a motel for the night over in Morioka to rest up. We're only down 2 and a half hours due to the map incident, but that's fine by me! It just means we've got more time to spend on the road!

Ah, I should probably include this too to pad out the entry for this day. THE ROUTE HAS BEEN FINALIZED!! I spent a while last night going back and forth on achieving the perfect balance between something that'll let us see Japan in its entirety whilst giving us plenty to do along the way. Best of all, the route I finally decided on takes us right through all the major coastal towns, giving us the perfect opportunity to soak in the beautiful summer rays! And as a bonus, we'll pass right through Ousaka, where our dear friends Makoto and Mukuro reside. There's a nice block of hotels nearby too, so it'll be the perfect chance for us to explore a new place while visiting our nearest and dearest friends!

There isn't too much more to update you on. I asked Mondo if he wanted to add to today's entry, but he still insists that this diary is a massive waste of time. To be fair, he *is* still a little peeved at me for forgetting the maps! At the very least this bed is comfortable, so he'll be able to get some good sleep tonight...

## JULY 11TH 2011

Well...! Today I can officially say that I've made it as a man!

So, where do I begin?

When Mondo and I began dating, he told me a multitude of stories about his time in Crazy Diamonds. Stories of death, danger, and destruction. DON'T GET ME WRONG, it's not like I doubted my Husband's word, but a little part of me couldn't help but wonder 'How on Earth does something like that happen?'

I NOW KNOW HOW THAT HAPPENS.



We left Morioka pretty late this morning. The outlets in the motel room all died out so our alarms didn't go off at all. We were all a *tiny* bit stressed, even more so when we realized all the traffic on the E4...

But I wasn't going to let the Ultimate Moral Compass get swayed by something as simple as a traffic mishap! A temporary route change was in order, and what better than going west and taking a detour through the scenic routes of Semboku, right?

Everything was going fine in the beginning. We take a pit stop at Shizukushi for some fuel about an hour or so in, and once we finally reached Semboku, I got out the old camera to take some photos! Granted... most of them involved Gundham trying to consume the Sakura Blossoms, but we all have our preferences, I suppose!

Yes, it was shaping up to be quite the detour!

*...until we reached Kumano Shrine.*

I wasn't anticipating us coming across it, but it's somewhere I visited all the time with my family, so, of course, what better way to keep the tradition going! I ushered Mondo, Gundham and Fuyuhiko into position... got our photo... and *right* as we got back in the car...

### WHOOSH!

A gang of bikers sped right past the car, glaring us down! I was inches away from becoming a pancake outside Kumano!

Well, of course, Mondo wasn't too happy about the stunt those delinquents pulled. He insisted that I take this time to have a break from driving... which of course resulted in us tailing them for the next few hours until they got bored. I'm just glad none of us lost our lives in all this!

And after that, the tank we'd filled mere hours ago had almost managed to empty itself. So... we're back to square one. At the very least, we did cover a lot of ground! We're staying in Kanegasaki for the night this time. We... may or may not have angered a bartender who was associated with that biker gang and threw us out the local bar, but hey! You can't win them all! Tomorrow, our target is Ousaka! And I'll be dammed if anything stops us from meeting up with Makoto and Mukuro!

## JULY 12TH 2011

So! We have good news! And... well... more good news!

We met our goal! We got to Ousaka, and earlier than any of us expected! Granted... it came at the expense of a fairly provocative girl following us in this neon pink Ferrari and trying to flash us for... longer than Mondo and I felt comfortable with... but sometimes, that's just how it goes!

After that, it was just a matter of finding Makoto and Mukuro's home. Which, granted, was a bit of a hassle. But stepping out of the car and feeling the crisp summer air whilst knowing that we were an hour ahead of schedule made everything worth it!

Mondo suggested we go for a quick walk around the neighborhood. After all, if they're getting their home ready for us, it'd be rude for us to arrive that ahead of schedule. Plus, Ousaka is a wonderful village for exploration, so what's not to love?

We were able to walk to a beautiful forest clearing nearby, where me and Mondo were able to have five minutes to ourselves whilst Fuyuhiko and Gundham did a bit of exploring. That... ultimately ended up with a kid in the river, but hey! That's what 28 Degree weather is for!

After Fuyuhiko was able to dry enough so he wasn't dripping all over the pavement, we considered it close enough to our original arrival time to go to the Naegi's. We knocked on the door and were greeted by... *Byakuya?!*

Yep. Byakuya was visiting the Naegi's as well! What a coincidence! Mondo... definitely didn't seem too happy to see him, but I suppose that was a mutual feeling between him and Byakuya. The pair were at least... amicable during our visit. So, that's something!

Makoto and Mukuro seemed to be in good form, too. Mukuro seems a lot more relaxed, and Makoto was his usual upbeat self! We sat, talking and laughing and just having a good time!

That was, until we were asked to do the others a favor.

See, as Byakuya drove down to see the Naegis, his car broke down. His next destination is visiting Aoi and Sakura down in Kitayushu, yet he can't go until



his car gets fixed. And since his car is a special model, it might take up to a month to be fixed completely.

In summary, we're giving Byakuya a lift. Alongside his dog, because according to Byakuya, he'd rather get trapped in a game of life or death than trust that prissy poodle at home with his husband Yasuhiro.

T-the 'prissy poodle' comment was Mondo's words, not mine! I'm not trying to be rude! I promise! I'm very happy to have everyone along for the ride!

We ended up spending most of the day with Makoto and Mukuro, so we didn't get much driving done after the fact. We ended up finding a little place at the foot of Mount Maya in Kobe to camp out for the night. It's a little dingy, and Byakuya hasn't left the car since we arrived, but the stars look beautiful right now.

Mondo's got me wrapped in a bear hug right now. He didn't even want me writing this entry yet. He thinks I'm stressed. I'm not stressed, not in the slightest! We have two new companions, everyone's getting along, what could there possibly be to get stressed about?

### **JULY 13TH 2011**

We accidentally killed Byakuya's dog.

I know, I know. That's a strong way to start an entry. We tied him to the rear bumper whilst we camped last night, none of us remembered to untie him... and...

Well... this is quite the situation. We got a lecture about animal cruelty when we got back on the road. I left a sock there, and they traced it back to me thinking I deliberately abused it. Byakuya's irate, but that's apparently because Yasuhiro's going to completely fall apart when he hears this news. I... genuinely don't even know what I'm meant to say.

Mondo's telling me to stop writing. But I've gotten this far! No matter how bad this situation is, no matter how upset I feel... I can't stop now! Even if we're stranded... and our credit cards are lost... and Byakuya keeps getting snippy with Mondo...

Mondo.

We fought for the first time when we lost our cards. We never fight. Mondo's clearly feeling guilty about it now... but I know it's my fault.

Mondo thinks it's best if we all go home. I think he's right. We'll turn around tomorrow.

...

Okay, Mondo's asleep. We're not going to turn around.

Mark my words. I, Kiyotaka Ishimaru, will be getting my family to Nagasaki Theme Park if it kills me in the process! We're so far down the FUCKING rabbit hole, the only way we can go now is up!

There's still time to save this vacation! LET'S GO!!!

### **AUGUST 1ST 2011**

Heya. It's Mondo.

God, why the hell am I openin' this entry like some sick fuck is reading this? Screw it. Might as well keep the same tone that Taka's been usin' this whole time.

First of all, yeah, we're fine. No one died. Except that dog. But we took Byakuya back to Hiro, and it turns out their actual dog was safe and sound. Byakuya just wanted a more high-end one because it 'matches him better.' Lemme say for the record, that poodle was fuckin hideous. Their actual dog's this big shaggy thing, and it's adorable. Hiro chose well.

Second of all, yeah, we reached the theme park. And oh boy, I have a story for you.

After we woke up on July 14th at the wonderful time of seven in the morning, Taka basically dragged us all back in the wagon and sped off down the highway. He was goin' faster than I was when I was losing those bikers a few days earlier. Gotta say, I was impressed.

We had the car break down in Mihara, so it was basically six to seven hours of straight driving. No breaks, no detours (except to drop Byakuya home). Just straight, focused driving.



...we needed more fuel 5 hours in. Which annoyed him, but SOMEHOW, some hidden form of spite seemed to keep him going.

We pulled into a local motel with a garage, but all the fuel tanks seemed to be broken. I ain't religious or anything, but there has to be some kind of hellish power that's tryna dick us over right now.

But, help can come from the most unexpected places. Because as we were about to call for a tower, Fuyuhiko saw a weirdly familiar Hot Pink Ferrari in the spot opposite.

Yep. It was the girl tryna flash us the other day. Said her name was Miu. She's actually pretty nice. Fuckin weird, but nice enough. She had a spare can of fuel in her trunk for us, and we had just about enough to pay her back. It was either pay with the last bits of cash we had, or have a skinny-dipping session. And I sure as hell wasn't gonna do the latter on a family vacation.

The rest of the drive down to Nagasaki was fine. It was when we got there that was the issue. They'd closed the theme park a couple of days ago since one of the rides was outta wack. I'm not gonna lie, when I heard that, my heart sank for Taka. He busted his ass off to get us here, and you could tell at that point he was boutta snap.

He pulled a B.B Gun on the guard.

I don't know where the hell he got one from, but that may have been the most terrifying two minutes of my life. All I can say is that I will NOT be pissing off Taka anytime soon.

The B.B's realistic enough to pass as the real deal, so the guard called the cops. What. A fuckin. Snitch. But I dunno what stars aligned in our favor, but the owner of the place came out last minute. Said he understood Taka's plight. He barred off the area with the broken ride and let us run amok in the place for a few hours. And I gotta say, it's probably the most fun I've had in a while. It was worth most of the emotional fuckery we went through.

The old station wagon was pretty much collapsed at this point, so we stayed in Nagasaki a few more days and got all the shit we lost back before FINALLY getting to enjoy a relaxing flight home courtesy of the park owner. So all in all, it ended up working out.

Taka was adamant on burning this book the minute we got back. But I think I'm gonna keep this as my own personal treasure. It's a nice time capsule, if

nothin' else.

And next time Taka tries to plan a road trip, I've got my argument against it.

Mondo signin' out. Thanks for stickin' with us.





The world  
will never be the same  
once you've  
seen it through the eyes of  
Island Dump

# Nagito Komaeda is Island Dump



April 28



The image is a vertical collage. The top half features the word "JAWS" in large, bold, red, sans-serif capital letters. Below the title is a scene from the movie "Jaws" showing a man swimming in the ocean, with a large shark's open mouth and sharp teeth visible in the water below. The bottom half of the image is a parody of "The Princess Bride" and "The Hobbit". It features a large green number "2" in the center. Surrounding the number are various characters: a fairy, a king with a crown and eyepatch, a green-skinned woman, a white goat-like creature, a green goblin-like creature, a man in a cowboy hat, a man in a suit, and a small girl. The background is a light blue sky with clouds. The number "25" is visible in the bottom right corner.





## This is a full-page illustration in an anime style, serving as a cover for 'the twilight saga'. The scene is set in a dark, atmospheric environment with a teal and purple color palette, suggesting a night scene in a forest or a magical realm. In the foreground, a character with long, wavy pink hair and green eyes is shown from the side, looking towards the right. To their right, a character with spiky brown hair and a determined expression is looking forward. In the background, several other characters are depicted in various poses: a character with pink hair is on the left, a character with white hair is in the center, and a character with brown hair is on the right. A large, white, wolf-like head is visible on the left side. A hand holding a red apple is shown on the right. The title 'the twilight saga' is centered in a stylized, white font. The overall mood is mysterious and dramatic.



CHIAKI NANAMI

NAGITO KOMAEDA

# JUNKOS

From the first  
blush of romance,  
to the last squeeze  
of the trigger...

FALA

ODD  
THE |BUK| STORY









# I WANTED TO DANCE IN YOUR PULSE

By  
Rin

inspired by *I Want to Eat Your Pancreas*

“Hey...” Hajime peered outside his hotel room window, olive eyes resting on the flickering lights of the bustling city below. “Are you actually going to die?”

His heart sank in the hotel room with silence and the soft buzzing from the lights. His eyes looked up, focusing on Nagito’s saturated reflection in the pristine mirror. He couldn’t see all the details of his face but noticed the distinct glimmer in his sapphire eyes dwindle. The lanky man pursed his lips and looked toward the floor, shoulders slumping and fingers relaxing.

Hajime bit his lip and pulled at the skin before he turned around with an apology already sitting at the tip of his tongue. But when his eyes met Nagito’s, the glimmer was back, and a wide, toothy smile was on his rosy lips.

“Yea, I am.”

A traffic jam of words formed in his mouth, and attempts to clear his throat only seemed to worsen. Ultimately, he could only mutter a quiet, “Oh.”

Eyes focused on the window sill on the floor, Hajime’s index finger anxiously tapping on the cold metal. He glanced up and saw Nagito approaching him, socked feet shuffling on the short carpet. Weak bones popped as he knelt next to him, the tips of his unruly hair tickling his ear.

“Did you not believe me?”

“No, that’s not...” Hajime trailed off as he looked over, face heating when he noticed how close they were. His eyes fixed on the floor again, breath hitching as he inhaled deeply and caught Nagito’s faint scent of linen and ocean waves. He cleared his throat, “No, I was just curious.”

Nagito hummed, staying where he was before leaning to rest on Hajime’s shoulder, the fluff on his hair pressing against his jawline.

“That’s why I’m here, doing my bucket list with you.”

Hajime pressed his lips together, his finger continuing the steady taps. “But, why me? Aren’t you close with Fuyuhiko?” His throat tightened, and his index finger stopped, veins consuming the cold metallic feeling of the window sill. “Wouldn’t you want to do your bucket list with someone other than a nobody?”

Silence filled the short distance between them, the clammy warmth of Nagito’s palm resting on the back of his hand. “Because you know how to keep a secret.”

Hajime opened his mouth to object but closed it when he realized the lack of rebuttals he had. He soaked in the other’s warmth before he pushed himself off the ground, sweaty palms sticking to the carpet. “I’m tired, I’m going to go to bed.”

It was a lie, and he knew Nagito knew that, too.

A silent buzz filled the room once more as they gathered their things and sauntered to the bed. Earlier, Nagito had turned and given him a sheepish laugh and half-hearted, “Sorry” when they walked in and saw the single king bed pushed against the back wall. Hajime insisted on sleeping on the couch with his rain-spotted coat as a blanket, but he no longer felt like pushing back.

He stared at his fogged reflection in the mirror, body pressed against the edge of the bed and blanket barely covering him. He listened to Nagito’s gentle breathing as the patter of rain continued to fall from the blanket of clouds. His thoughts raged like a summer storm, and his stomach continuously did backflips, though it could’ve been from the lack of dinner he had.

From the moment they met in the quiet waiting room of the hospital, with Nagito’s “death diary” in his frost-nipped fingers, he should’ve known death was inevitable. He could only assume it was his carefree attitude that was the cause of that; there was no way he could take him seriously when he rode on the school’s library cart and talked about death so carefree. Hajime wanted to believe that it was some sick prank, but somewhere deep down, he knew that wasn’t the case.

He watched the rain trail down the window before he peered over his shoulder, bed springs creaking as he moved on his back. The street lights lining the damp sidewalk illuminated his profile in a distant orange glow. His



cheek was pressed against his shoulder, neck somewhat strained as unruly hair stood up. Hajime didn't look at him for long and moved back to his position on the edge of the bed.

The morning after a long battle of rolling back and forth and trying to force himself to sleep, the sound of a suitcase zipper filled the room, and Hajime opened his eyes, immediately blinded by the bright sun. His joints cracked and popped as he stretched and sat up only to find himself in the middle of the king-sized bed.

A pair of icy blue eyes popped over the top of the couch, and Nagito's warm smile appeared after. He vanished before quickly reappearing with his oversized grey sweatshirt and hair tied into a low ponytail came into view. Hajime's heart, as much as he wanted to deny it, skipped a beat as he looked at him.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Huh? Oh, yea, I suppose so." Hajime's raspy morning voice scratched his throat. He climbed out of bed and went over to his opened backpack on the floor. "You?"

Nagito shrugged, "I'd say I slept fine."

The rest of the morning was quiet as they gathered their belongings and shoved them into their backpacks. The heavy hotel door clicked as they left the room behind, but the lingering weight on Hajime's shoulders followed him outside the building. He couldn't shake off the conversation from last night, and it continued to eat away the longer he was with Nagito.

On the train ride back to Tokyo, Hajime stared at the beige pages in his book as his exhausted eyes ran over the printed text. The inside of the compartment was filled with a quiet hum as they went past the vast fields that turned into a blur. His eyes drifted up to look at Nagito, his body awkwardly contorted to rest against the vibrating window.

His cheek and stray strands of hair moved against the shaky movement of the train, his platinum eyelashes shining like quartz. Some drops of sweat beaded his illuminated skin as the hot midday summer sun beat on him through the window, fingertips lightly twitching as he slept.

Hajime could only look at him, his mind unconsciously slipping back to the conversation the night before. Nagito's voice had sapphire eyes with the

glossy twinkle of melancholic acceptance as he admitted his fate. Rosy lips pressed into a fine line and parted to speak, the tips of his fingers twitching as his gaze averted from his reflection. Hajime kept track of all the little things he did during that conversation, listening to the soft inhales and exhales as he slept beside him, olive eyes looking at his limp hands as he thought about how warm they were.

Once the train pulled into their station, the two parted ways and went on with their lives. Hajime swung the door open to his house, the sweet smell of curry wafting out into the humid July streets. He muttered a lie to his parents about what he did for the remaining days of his summer break, keeping his gaze down as he shoved steaming spoonfuls of food into his mouth. He ended up sitting at his desk reading through the same book he did on the train and listening to the screams of cicadas to avoid thinking about that night again. Hajime somehow convinced himself that he was making progress, despite reading the same paragraph over and over again, glancing outside the window every so often, and wondering if Nagito was looking at the moon as well.

He went to school the next day insistent that he'd move on and go back to living his normal life, but it was clear Nagito had other plans. Hajime would spot his frail figure lingering in front of the school gates, eyes scanning the crowd before lips turned into a bright smile upon seeing who he was looking for. He would trail behind and go on about whatever things popped into his mind, the same gentle and warm smile on his lips.

Nagito would wander over and sit on the edge of his small desk, regardless of Fuyuhiko pulling him aside and sternly telling him not to bother with him. At first, Hajime wanted nothing but to value the time he had away from him. Something deep inside of his soul wanted to be away from the constant reminder of death lurking around but as time crawled by, so did his desire to be around him.

Hajime found himself lying in bed waiting for an invitation to be dragged onto another spontaneous trip. He wanted nothing more than to stand under the umbrella with him, with Nagito's clammy and warm hands wrapped around him. He ate up the sweet sounds of his laughter, the clammy texture of his hands whenever they brushed against each other, or the feeling of his hair tickling his neck when Nagito laid his head on his shoulder.

The various adventures Hajime went on with Nagito were always impactful in one way or another, but the night he went to a restaurant with him was something else. He remembered walking into the restaurant; the distinct



smell of cooking meat partnered with the mouthwatering crackle of warm oil and grease. The waiter sat them down at a table decorated with dried specs of water and a similarly decorated grill. The pair took turns rotating pieces of meat on the thin red strips of metal, the savory-smelling smoke burning their knuckles.

“You know,” Nagito muttered as he moved around some meat on the grill. “I don’t think I like the idea of being cremated.”

Hajime glanced at him, the tips of his chopsticks tightening around a glazed piece of meat. “Why is that?”

The other smiled, sapphire eyes going down toward the table. “Because then you can’t eat it. It’s believed in some places that if someone eats you, your soul lives inside of them.”

Hajime hummed, “But wouldn’t you want to choose someone else?”

Nagito looked at him, and that warm smile stayed on his lips as he rested his chin on his palm. “I think you know the answer to that.”

Hajime stared at him, getting lost in those gorgeous blue orbs of his before he looked back at his now-cold piece of meat. He didn’t bother trying to persuade him; he knew it was useless in the end.

The seasons came and went, and as the seconds ticked by, Hajime found himself lingering by Nagito’s side. He’d watch the sunset fall in the freezing hospital rooms Nagito found himself in, eyes blankly staring as different devices were connected to his body. Their hands were always intertwined, shoulders bumping into each other with every step and gentle kisses that shared secrets only they could decipher. Hajime grew addicted to his warmth and the quiet inhales and exhales he heard when the other’s head was on his shoulder. In those moments, when it felt like they were the only two in the world, he truly felt whole.

And it was ever since that moment that Hajime felt something lingering on the tip of his tongue.

He never attempted to do anything about it, though, letting it fester as his gut churned and screamed at him to let it out of his mouth. Hajime would sit, fingers intertwined in his and warm lips on soft ones, pretending that his gut was begging for those words to be released into the world.

It was a summer day as the cicadas screamed outside Hajime’s window, his phone resting in his palm as he waited for a message. His mind was blank, but he could feel thoughts running through his head. As olive eyes stared at his textured ceiling and his hands grew clammy, he couldn’t help but think about the memories he made with Nagito since they met.

The sometimes quiet train rides as they sat side by side, both staring out of the window as they waited for the other to say something. The brightly lit hospital rooms with the setting sun in the distance, or the dimmed library, Nagito’s excited whispers filling the normally silent buildig. His melodic laughs, unruly hair that got perfectly shaped cherry blossom petals as they walked side-by-side, the comfort of his hand fitting inside his.

Hajime stared at the ceiling some more, swallowing the lump in his throat as sweaty hands wrapped around the edges of his phone. His fingers glided across his screen and fingertips tapped away at they keyboard. He hesitated for a second, staring at the message he typed out almost absentmindedly as he contemplated if he wanted to go through with it. The smell of sizzling oil and meat came to his mind and the conversation that ensued during then, and he pressed send.

*“I want to eat your pancreas.”*

He never got a response back.





Team Danganronpa  
presents  
**Tsumugi**  
in **WONDERLAND**

The real-fiction Musical Wonderfilm!  
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

poster parody by quinn-art-box



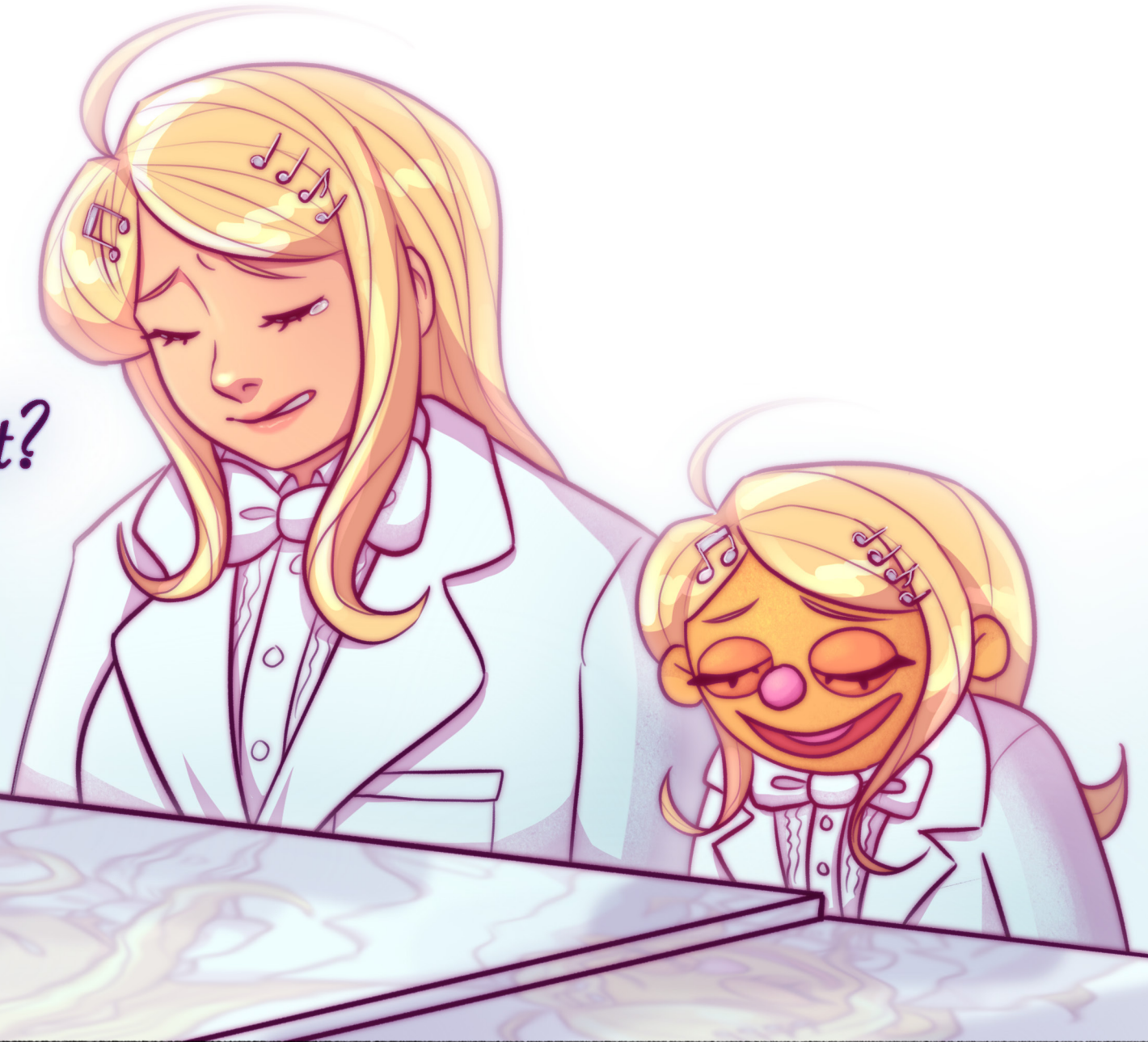


# HOME ALONE





*Am I a man  
or am I a muppet?*





Being the adventures  
of a young man whose  
principal interests are  
lying, manipulation  
and Panta.



**KAZUTAKA KODAKA'S**

# CLOCKWORK PURPLE



KYOKO KIRIGIRI SHUICHI SAIHARA  
**SHERLOCK HOLMES**  
A GAME OF DESPAIR





# ONE CUT OF THE DEAD

カメラを止めるな!



A TEAM DANGANRONPA PRODUCTION

HAJIME HINATA KOMARU NAEGI MAKOTO NAEGI KAEDE AKAMATSU SHUICHI SAIHARA  
TOKO FUKAWA NAGITO KOMAEDA CHIAKI NANAMI IBUKI MIOA TSUMUGI SHIROGANE



# FATAL MISCONCEPTION

By  
Rose  
inspired by *The Ring*

It was over. The curse was finally over.

Alone in her private room inside the recital hall, Kaede played. Her fingers danced across the keys of her grand piano, filling the otherwise silent room with an uplifting melody. The tempo was graceful, like a harmonious, heavenly hymn. She swayed from side to side, eyes closed as she immersed herself in the music she had written that morning as a celebration of her rebirth.

Tonight, she was going to perform. She headlined the sold-out concert. Now that she had hers back, she wanted to give them the show of a lifetime.

Kaede exhaled the breath she hadn't realized was clenched in her chest. She rested her hands in her lap, idly bunching the pleated fabric of her skirt. She glanced at her well-furnished room, prepared for her by the event staff, with a television, vases filled with hyacinths, and a plethora of music sheets. In her haste, she had knocked over a stack of them when she rushed through the door, unbothered by the clutter as she darted to her piano and practiced for a solid hour.

She had earned her peace with Shuichi. After a week of pure terror, they survived and purified the lonesome girl from the depths of her tomb.

It all started a month ago with the sudden deaths of Rantaro, Kaito, and Maki. They perished on the same day, at the same time, and suffered the same cause of death. She mourned them at their funeral, weeping as she struggled through reading her eulogy. As she cried, Shuichi promised her that he would solve the case.

Later, however, she received a dismaying phone call. Shuichi informed her that he, like their friends, had been cursed to die in seven days.

Kaede remembered panicking as Shuichi explained himself. From Himiko, the sole survivor, he learned what had happened during their trip to a remote, mountainous village. While she was on a walk, Kaito came across a videotape on the bookshelf of the home they rented. Allegedly, the contents

were strange and unnerving.

A week later, Maki confided in Himiko. She claimed to have woken up with handprints bruising her wrists. Their developed photographs from the trip were also blurry, as if someone had taken a paintbrush and smeared their faces. On the same afternoon, when Maki wasn't answering her phone, Himiko visited her apartment, insisting to herself Maki was safe.

There, she discovered Maki's body. Her bloodless face was contorted, with pupils so wide and dark that they covered her sclera. As Shuichi explained to her, Rantaro and Kaito wore matching anguish, much to Kaede's dread.

Obtaining the tape was easy. Maki had brought it home, and Himiko retrieved it for Shuichi. He watched it for himself, alone at midnight. As soon as the video ended, his telephone rang, and static erupted through the speaker. The curse was upon him. Kaede insisted on being his assistant. She refused to allow their friends to die in vain and rejected Shuichi's insistence on working alone. His life was on the line. She coerced him into accepting her help, even though his hesitation was palpable.

To not contaminate the evidence, he created a copy, and watching the duplicated tape the next evening, upon completion, Kaede endured the same curse with utmost determination.

So much had happened. Every morning, handprints marred their skin. Every evening, nightmares plagued their restless slumbers. There was always static ringing in their ears.

While traveling for clues, *she* appeared throughout the week: Tsumugi Shirogane, gray and waterlogged.

The originator of the curse haunted their every step. She followed in their shadows, in their showers, in their screens. Windows, mirrors, and any reflective surface revealed her ungainly appendages and long, billowing hair, which reminded Kaede of sagging seaweed.

But miraculously, they found the *real* Tsumugi. Deep in a well trapped under her former seamstress shop, her corpse lingered. She had been brutalized and ostracized, dying far before her time. Her fingernails were still embedded in that underground well, her desperate struggle futile. After all, the embarrassed, incensed model, who donned Tsumugi's outfit, only for it to have torn at the seams during a prominent runway because of a misplaced stitch, ensnared Tsumugi with a heavy, cumbersome stone across



the entrance, sealing her fate.

Tsumugi had adored the model, who moved on to have a prominent career, and she was abandoned. As water filled her lungs, she drowned. She sank to the bottom with nothing but her unfettered resentment.

In the nick of time, Kaede and Shuichi discovered Tsumugi. They brought her skeletal remains to the surface of those pitch black waters. They understood her wrath, her suffering. It had crystallized in the form of the tape containing her curse against humanity, carrying with it her immense, tangible sorrow. While Kaede grieved her friends, she had embraced Tsumugi, her coarse, stringy locks still a shimmering shade of cobalt. She wept salty tears into those tresses.

Finally, Tsumugi was put to rest before Shuichi's scheduled death. She was appeased, lifting her scorn. Kaede felt her shoulders slacken as she recalled the heft of Tsumugi's thick, polyester uniform, drenched in mold and mildew. It had been a cruel hell that Kaede wouldn't have wished upon her worst enemy.

She flexed her fingers and repressed a shiver. No matter how many times she showered, she still smelled rot on her clothing, reeking and festering. Tsumugi's skinless corpse, the bones hardly bleached, had been draped around her. Kaede insisted it was a scent too pungent to forget, and thankfully, no one had commented on the odor she believed still emitted from her scalp.

Squaring her shoulders, she inhaled, only to notice the clock on the wall, and chuckled.

*It's just about the time when I watched it, huh? When Shuichi came over, I dropped everything to see it, but now, we're all safe, and she's safe, too.*

She eyed the landline phone perched on her piano. Shuichi was going to attend tonight, sitting front and center. Tsumugi, had she lived, might have gone to her concert.

*Tsumugi was a creative girl. She could've appreciated the classics. Maybe, yeah, I can dedicate a song to her, too, she thought, hanging her head. She's free, and so am I. I hope wherever she is is a much better place.*

She smiled. From the bottom of her heart, she prayed the sentiment was true. Tsumugi had suffered. Her chipped, bloody fingernails were proof of her despair. And now, Kaede believed Tsumugi's soul ascended from that dismal

abyss, the water like an endless ink vial, similar to the one Shuichi kept on his work desk.

*Oh, right, I need to make sure Shuichi is coming! He's been catching up on his detective business all day, so I'll dedicate a song to him tonight for his hard work. He'll be shocked! I can't wait to see the look on his face.*

She giggled. "Better give him a call. He needs reminders about these things." But as she reached for the phone, a sound like crashing, overlapping ocean waves emitted. Kaede froze, her smile plastered on as if chiseled. The noise intensified like a storm of feverish wasps. She hunched forward, fingertips ghosting the cool plastic of the phone, which started to ring, intermingling with the ceaseless droning. A headache pulsed in the center of her brow and spread behind her eyes the longer the cacophony conspired, and as she pressed her hands over them, she stared at the clock.

Her mouth dropped. As if she had plunged back into the chilling well, time stood still. It was the exact hour and minute as it was a week ago when she was damned.

When the ringing ceased, the screeching hiss still speared through her eardrums. Kaede, her legs like lead, twisted her upper half. She looked over her shoulder as the lights in her room briefly flickered, unable to acknowledge the next call.

There, resting on a plain, oak desk, was the television playing muddled, gray static.

She shot to her feet, knocking over her seat. Sweat broke out on her body. White noise overpowered whoever was leaving a voicemail. She reached out, stepping over music sheets across the plush carpet to gawk at the screen. A wish fizzled in her chest that it was only a power surge.

"Kaede? Kaede?"

Vaguely, she recognized Shuichi's voice. But when the static abruptly ceased, a shuddering image arose. In the center of a miserable, monochromatic forest, was that same, stone well.

Kaede's heart plummeted.

A hand rose from inside, as white as curdled milk. The figure gripped the edge of the well, and gradually, she dragged herself out until she was



standing. Her school uniform sagged on her flesh. Damp, unbrushed curls of mottled cobalt hair covered her face, but Kaede had embraced her, knowing the softness in those wiry tresses clinging to her cracked skull.

*No. It can't be.*

Tsumugi shuffled, her frame slanted. Her gait was like that of a wounded animal. One bare foot shifted in front of the other, and she walked toward Kaede, who observed with bulging eyes.

“-up! Please, pick up! Or run! Get away from any screen! *Kaede!*”

Shuichi's voice screeched and jarred her from stupefaction. She swallowed the saliva thickening in the back of her throat. Moving on instinct, as if running over needles, she scampered behind the television and yanked out the cord.

Immediately, the television turned off. She sprinted to the phone, but the call had already ended. She snatched it and jabbed random numbers until she wedged her thumb into the correct callback button. The phone rang, shivers tracing up her calves. Her heart threatened to burst free from her ribcage. Whipping her head over her shoulder as Shuichi shouted her name, she wailed.

Her grip loosened. The landline struck the keys and swung by her feet. Her stammering reverberated over Shuichi's shout.

“Wh-what the-? What the hell? Impossible. You can't-! Why are you-?”

Tsumugi filled the screen. Her hair smothered every inch. She leaned forward, pressing against what should have been the barrier between fiction and reality. Cleanly, she invaded the gap, an electrical whirring marking her entrance as her taut hand snatched the corner of the table.

“Kaede, run! I have what you need! It's not over! I did something you didn't! But make a break for it! Now, now!”

But Kaede, although she briefly registered his own stomping and panting amidst the sounds of the city, couldn't budge. She collapsed into the piano, her elbows hitting the keys as chaotic, piercing notes assaulted her eardrums. Her jaw refused to work. All reason flew out the window like a bird fleeing her cage.

They freed Tsumugi from the well. Her curse should have ceased, and yet, as vowed, she came for Kaede. She crawled on the carpet as if she was still escaping her prison. Her hair splayed in spiraled twists, presenting her outstretched bloodless hands and torn fingernails.

Kaede sobbed, her hands flying to her throat as slimy well water rose from her stomach.

“Why? Why? I saved you!”

Tsumugi's hips shifted. Her knees parted as she started her ascent. She stumbled, her motions like watching a tape in reverse. Kaede struggled for breath, managing to jerk herself toward the door. Each step was a stabbing pain through her heels. She refused - she couldn't - break from Tsumugi, unable to blink, even as her eyes seared, and her lungs threatened to burst from too many gasps.

When Tsumugi turned, fully facing Kaede, only then did Kaede truly run.

She scrambled. Shuichi's voice was a dizzying whisper. Tsumugi paced herself step by step. Kaede vaulted over the furnishings, and just as her doorknob was within reach, her arm fell. Gravity betrayed her, and she toppled, legs kicking to the ceiling. Pain erupted in her spine. Music sheets flew in the air, and her dress shoes were scuffed from slipping over the pile she left unattended, too engrossed in playing to care.

Tsumugi's footsteps were gentle, though staggered as she closed the gap.

Kaede rolled onto her side. Her body blocked the door, and footsteps juddered outside. As if multiple hands seized her every limb and joint, she was immobilized. Through her bangs, their pins falling into her lap, Kaede realized a deep gray, shapeless shadow loomed over her.

The corner of her mouth twitched. She spat out a long, single-note laugh, her final song. The phone beeped again and again, an irritating beat. And while Kaede muttered that they had saved Tsumugi, the last semblance of her rationality registered her hazy, pious musings as delirious.

Kaede whipped up her head. Tsumugi met her gaze, her hair falling to cover only one side. Not a word was shared. Tsumugi glared through her unkempt mane.

With a pupil like a black hole, her protruding eye contained enough hatred



to condemn humanity. As static roared in her brain and electrified every neuron, Kaede wrenched her mouth wide open in a scream she couldn't hear.



She was discovered in her private room by the custodians. They heard Kaede wailing and ran to aid her. By the time they turned the doorknob, she was slumped on the floor, dead.

The police cordoned off the recital hall. The staff canceled the concert. Attendees and fellow musicians grieved, their bouquets left on the building steps. Their condolences meant little to Shuichi as their sobbing murmured from the open window.

While officers and detectives worked to examine Kaede's room, he already knew the truth. It wasn't a burglar. It wasn't an accident. It wasn't sudden heart failure. Though, from the evidence, it might have seemed likely as nerves frayed to their limits.

When he arrived, mere minutes after her corpse was located, she was frigid and pallid. Rigor mortis had swept through her body far too swiftly, leaving the coroners baffled. They inspected her once lively frame with gloved, uncertain hands. Shuichi joined them, lowering the brim of his hat, their ruminating like a roundtable discussion. They offered solutions that satisfied no one.

He adjusted his bag over his shoulder. Within it was the truth. He carried the cursed tape, and alongside it, he had what granted him salvation, if only she had taken the same action.

To save herself, she needed to spread Tsumugi's damnation.

*I made a copy of the video and showed it to you. I have that copy with me. She didn't want to be saved; she wanted her victims to extend her curse.*

Tears stung the corners of his eyes. His breath hitched, and his fists clenched. A sob pressed against his closed lips like bile, and he dragged his hat lower, shadowing his face, unable to witness Kaede any longer.

*Should I have made a copy for you and shown someone? Would you have wanted that? You wouldn't have, but now, seeing you like this...*

She was a replica of the others. Her eyes threatened to burst from their sockets. Veins scarred her sclera like static. With her mouth open as far as her lips could spread, Kaede perished in unknowable agony.



# MERCH



## IKONS

inspired by *Carrie*, *Cars*,  
*Pinochio*  
by **Lynn**



## ICON

inspired by *Gentlemen*  
*Prefer Blondes*  
by **shoelaced**

## WALLPAPER

inspired by *Despicable Me*  
by **xcatmo**

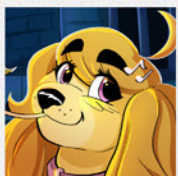


## DISCORD STICKERS

inspired by *Shrek 2*  
by **SinKdraws**

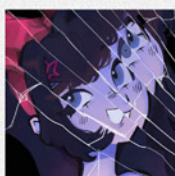


# CONTRIBUTORS



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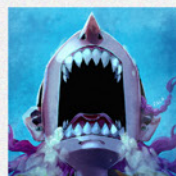
**Blue**

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ARTIST | Pg. 30  
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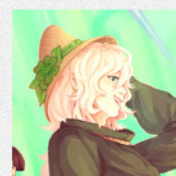
**Fala**

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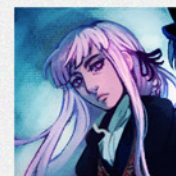
**felithorr**

ARTIST | Pg. 41  
 @ felithorr  
 t felithorr



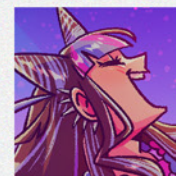
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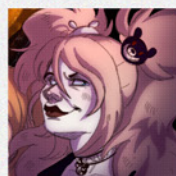
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ARTIST | Pg. 47  
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**Mini**

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**Nydrawsthings**

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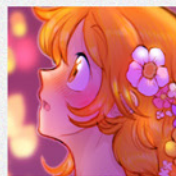
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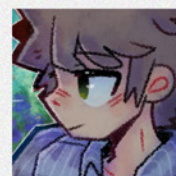
**Tuesday**

ARTIST | Pg. 6  
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 t tuesdaysanyways



**Twinkle**

ARTIST | Pgs. 7, 8-9  
 @ TwinkleLitchii  
 t TwinkleLitchii



**Yagito**

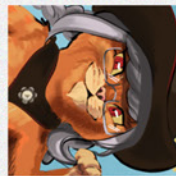
ARTIST | Pg. 26-27  
 @ Go\_hop\_to\_it  
 t Go-hop-to-it

# MODERATORS



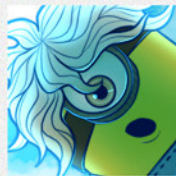
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 t SinKdraws



**xcatmo**

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 Pgs. 42-43, 57  
 @ xcatmo  
 t xcatmo



# WITH WORKS INSPIRED BY:

The Adventures of Sharkboy and Lavagirl

Alice in Wonderland

Carrie

Cars

Clockwork Orange

Cruella

Despicable Me

The End of Evangelion

Forrest Gump

Heathers

High School Musical

Home Alone

I Want to Eat Your Pancreas

Jaws

Knives Out

Lady and the Tramp

Mean Girls

The Muppets

National Lampoons Vacation

One Cut of the Dead

Perfect Blue

Pinocchio

The Ring

Scream

Sherlock Holmes

Shrek 2

Singin' in the Rain

Spirited Away

Tangled

Trolls World Tour

Twilight

Weird: The Al Yankovic Story

The Wizard of Oz